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"The Cup that Cheers" Series

A CUP OF COFFEE

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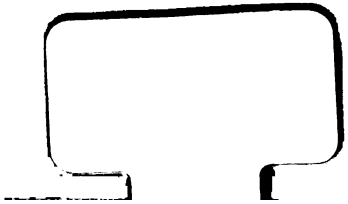

"At 12 the *beau monde* is assembled at various coffee or chocolate houses."—*Page* 49.

CUP THAT CHEERS SERIES, No. 1.

A CUP OF COFFEE.

Coffee! oh, Coffee! Faith, it is surprising,
'Mid all the poets, good and bad and worse,
Who've scribbled (Hock and Chian eulogising)
Post and papyrus with 'immortal verse,'—
Melodiously similitudinising
In Sapphics languid, or Alcaics terse,—
No one, my little brown Arabian berry,
Hath sung *thy* praises,—'tis surprising, very!"

London:
T. FISHER UNWIN, 17, HOLBORN VIADUCT.
1883.

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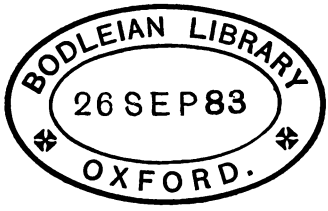
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THE SILKEN THREAD OF MODERATION.

OF the many excellent pieces of humour to be found in the story of that valiant knight Don Quixote, one of the most humorous is where trusty Sancho, being elevated to the Governorship of Barataria, sets about satisfying the cravings of his stomach. He is conducted from the court of justice (where he had been invested with the seals

of office) to a sumptuous palace, and in a great banqueting hall he finds a splendid entertainment prepared. A personage who, as it afterwards appears, is a physician, takes his stand at one side of the Governor's chair, with a whalebone rod in his hand. The cloth being removed, a splendid variety of fruit and other eatables is seen.

The sewer sets a plate of fruit before the hungry Sancho; but he had scarce tasted it, when, on being touched by the wand-bearer, it is snatched away, and another containing meat instantly takes its place. Yet before Sancho can make a beginning it vanishes, like the former, on a signal of the wand.

The Governor was surprised at this proceeding, and, naturally, asked if he was being trifled with.

"My lord," said the wand-bearer, "your lordship's food and drink must be watched with some care. I am a doctor of physic, sir, and my duty, for which I receive a salary, is to watch over the Governor's health, whereof I am more solicitous than my own. I pay especial regard to his meals, at which I constantly preside, to see that he eats and drinks only what is good and salutary, and to

prevent his touching whatever I imagine may be prejudicial to his health or offensive to his stomach."

"Well, then," quoth Sancho, "give me of that plate of roasted partridges, which seem to me to be appetising and not likely to do harm."

"Hold!" said the doctor; "my Lord Governor shall not eat of them while I live to prevent it."

"Pray why not?" quoth Sancho.

"Because," answered the doctor, "our great master Hippocrates, the North-star and luminary of medicine, says, in one of his aphorisms, '*Omnis saturatio mala, perdricis autem pessima;* which means, 'All repletion is bad, but that from partridges is the worst.'"

"If that be so," quoth Sancho, "pray cast your eye, signor doctor, over all these dishes here on the table, and see which will do me the most good or the least harm, without whisking it away with your conjuring stick."

"I would at present advise my Lord Governor to eat," said the physician, after some further parley, "in order to corroborate and preserve his health, about a hundred small rolled-up wafers, with some thin slices of marmalade, that will sit well upon his

stomach and aid digestion;" and as to drink, good Sancho is advised that "he that drinks much destroys and consumes the radical mixture which is the fuel of life."

The Governor flew in a rage, and swore he would take a cudgel, and, beginning upon the physician's own carcass, so belabour all the physic-mongers of the island, that not one of the tribe should be left.

Without the excuse that he could plead, but too many of us are unwilling Sanchos at our own tables. We would fain run riot among the savoury messes and captivating drinks that lie there, but that the "whalebone rod" of prudence, suggestive emblem of the admonitions of the doctor or the threats of the stomach, intervenes to whisk them away at the right moment. Self-control is as pliant as the wand of whalebone, wielded with such dexterity by Sancho's physician; and it needs a stout heart and steadfast resolution to prevent it from bending. In moderation, which has been aptly termed, "the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues," we have the most useful security for keeping it subservient to the will. But, unfortunately, this is a string of so slight

texture, that it is one most easily broken and least easily mended. Intemperance is perhaps, of all others, the saddest and most pernicious result of its severance. If mankind had been content from the beginning with the simple foods and drinks which are properly sufficient to sustain life, we should have no need now to be busying ourselves with temperance and total abstinence societies, Blue Ribbon Armies, and the like. We might have been spared the shame of being possessors of many huge folios of criminal records, and have been free from three-fourths of the wretchedness, poverty, and vice of our day—the beast-like fathers, besotted mothers, hungry and neglected children, who stray about our streets.

Like the hungry Sancho, not many of us care for the small rolled-up wafers with thin slices of marmalade, that sit lightly upon the stomach. We crave for something altogether more substantial and stimulating. Even in our "seedy" moments we are not always content to accept what the doctor's caution suggests. But if, by abstaining wholly from all drinks that are intoxicating, one might help to save a family from despair, an

innocent child from the pain, hunger, and neglect which are but too frequently the result of over-indulgence in intoxicants, then, surely, he is a coward who should hesitate to make the venture. We have volunteers in abundance for most dangerous enterprises, where the safety of a life can be secured; let us play the men, then, in this matter of drink, abstention from which is no danger at all, but rather an unassailable safeguard to thousands; and, God helping us, when the silken thread of moderation is liable to be frayed or the courage of personal example is likely to profit, cast away intoxicating drink altogether, and be content with that which is non-intoxicating.

Of this, happily, we are not without a choice; and, by general consent, coffee has been allowed to be the best. Not forgetting the admonition to thirsty Sancho, that "he that drinks much destroys and consumes the radical mixture which is the fuel of life;" in other words, taken in moderation, Coffee, combined with sugar and milk, is the most wholesome beverage known. In a medical point of view it has many excellent qualities, being regarded as a cerebral stimulant and anti-soporific,

and an antidote to opium, when taken early in the morning before rising.

Coffee sometimes alleviates an attack of asthma or coughing, and thus proves of great service to many sufferers; still, it must be borne in mind that it is a stimulant, and if taken too strong, or in too great quantity, may give rise to nervous complaints; and although for a time an aid to digestion, yet, if too freely indulged in, will, as has been pointed out, weaken the sensibility of the stomach and derange its functions.

Notwithstanding all objections alleged against the use of this favourite beverage, it is constantly and extensively growing in public esteem as an exhilarating drink, possessing the good qualities of wine without any of its bad consequences. It is, indeed, a sign of the good time coming, that there have been opened in most of the large English towns, kiosks and coffee taverns where, instead of at the gin-palace and dram-shop, operatives and others may refresh themselves without becoming inebriates. Even in its earliest days in England, as elsewhere, this virtue was claimed for coffee. An old writer of the seventeenth century, quaintly

descanting upon its various claims, says: "Surely it must needs be salutiferous, because so many sagacious persons and the wittiest sort of nations use it so much. But besides the exsiccant quality, it tends to dry up the crudities of the stomach, as also to comfort the brain, to fortifie the sight with its steame; and 'tis found already that this coffee-drink has caused a greater sobriety among the nations. In whereas formerly apprentices and clerks, with others, used to take their mornings draught in ale, beer, or wine,* which, by the dizziness they cause in the brain, make many unfit for businesse, they use now to play the good-fellowes in this wakefull and civile drinke." When this "civile drinke" comes to be better made in England (of which we shall have something to say presently), and served in our public places with greater regard to comfort, we may reasonably hope that "good-fellowes" may usurp the place of drunkards, and, with educational and other judicious reforms to aid us in generations to come, the English will reach the proud distinction of being the most sober nation in Europe.

* The working classes of London, their "early purl."

THE DISCOVERY OF THE BEVERAGE.

IF you want to improve your understanding," said Sydney Smith, "drink coffee;" and while in reality, or the imagination, the aromatic incense from the fragrant berry rises at our elbow, let us take this little book in hand and inquire as to its history. Everything, indeed, has its history or tradition, and the discovery of coffee is not without a legend. Like that delectable dish of which Charles Lamb wrote with so much quaint humour, we are indebted to mere chance for our knowledge of the useful properties of coffee. In the year 1285, a dervish, or religious mendicant, named Hadji Omer, being driven out of Mocha, was induced, in the extremity of hunger, to roast some berries which grew near his hiding-place. He gathered a few sticks, lighted

a fire, and laid a handful on the hot ashes. He ate some of the roasted berries as the only means of sustaining life; and, finding a spring near at hand, steeped a few in the water to quench his thirst. He found that the infusion was not only agreeable to the palate, but invigorating and satisfying to the stomach. His persecutors, who had intended that he should die of starvation, regarded his preservation as a miracle. Hadji Omer was transmuted into a saint forthwith, and the discovery of coffee was complete.

Two centuries elapsed before the world gained any further knowledge of coffee as a drink. In the early part of the fifteenth century a Mufti, or Mohammedan high-priest of Aden, Gemal Eddin by name, having occasion to travel into Persia, there saw some of his countrymen taking a decoction of the roasted berry as a medicine. One day, after his return to Aden, feeling indisposed, his thoughts luckily fell upon the black mixture of the Persians. Providing himself with a cupful, and finding it both curative and exhilarating (contrary to the experience of most investigators in the field of medicinal "black draughts"), he

turned the discovery to good account by applying its virtues as an antidote to the torpor and drowsiness of his monks, whom he had too often found dormant at their devotions.

The example and authority of the Mufti, and the testimony of the monks, at once conferred on coffee a reputation. Men of letters, and their brethren learned in the law, toilers with the brain, took kindly to the new drink. The fashion was soon followed by humbler folk—tradesmen, artisans, and "such as were compelled to be abroad after sunset," so runs the story; and at length the medicine idea was discarded, and the custom of coffee-drinking became general in Aden. Its agreeable qualities were admitted on all sides. The wandering dervishes carried the good news to Mecca, whence it spread to other towns adjacent, and in due course to Damascus and Aleppo. In the year 1554, under the reign of Solyman the Magnificent, a century after its introduction by the Mufti of Aden, coffee became the favourite drink in the city of the Sultans.

The times were propitious to the enterprise, and coffee-houses were opened in the Turkish

capital. Tradition says that, even at that early day, they were fitted up like their successors, the cafés of modern Paris, with unusual elegance and splendour, and were much frequented by men of learning, and "particularly poets," who came there to play a game of chess or draughts, and discuss the topics of the day. These houses and assemblies, forerunners in the obscure past of the clubs of Western civilisation, insensibly became so much in vogue that officers of the seraglio, the Pashas, and persons of the first quality patronised them. But by and by complaints began to be raised against them. The imaums, or officers of the mosques, declared that the religious houses were deserted, while the coffee-houses were always full. The dervishes and the religious orders generally took up the cry; and it soon went abroad that it was less of a sin to go to a tavern than a coffee-house. After no little wrangling, the devotees united their interests to obtain an authoritative condemnation of the beverage. A petition was presented to the Mufti, in which the petitioners set forth that roasted coffee was a kind of coal, and that that which had any relation to

coal was forbidden by the law. Without further controversy, the drinking of coffee was forbidden, as being contrary to the law of Mahomet.

Nobody ventured to question this ruling; the coffee-houses were shut up, and the officers of police commanded to prevent the sale of the drink. The habit of taking it, however, had become so strong, and the use of it so generally agreeable, that the people continued, nowithstanding all prohibition, to make it at home. The government, seeing they could not suppress the use of the beverage, was content to restrain the sale of coffee in bulk by a rigid sumptuary law. The berry was taxed, but the drink was taken in secret.

But ere long another Mufti arose, with no such religious scruples as his predecessor, and he pronounced coffee not coal, but a right remunerative item of government tax. At a later period, when too much freedom of political discussion had become common in the Constantinople coffee-houses, they were once more suppressed. The Grand Vizier of the day, having visited them *incognito*, had observed tha

they were crowded by the older citizens, who growled at the administration, and debated State affairs with too much freedom. He had previously looked through the taverns, but had there met with gay youngsters only, mostly soldiers, who diverted themselves with singing, or talked of nothing more serious than affairs of gallantry and experiences of the battle-field. The taverns were left unmolested.

This second shutting up of the coffee-houses had again but little effect on the consumption of coffee in Constantinople. It was carried about in large heated copper vessels, and openly retailed in the chief streets and bazaars. Mendicants would beg money for a dishful, much as a London costermonger might, in these our days, ask a trifle for a glass of beer. Most families drank coffee twice or thrice a day; and it became a custom in all houses to offer it to all visitors, while it was deemed an incivility to refuse it. One interesting discovery was made thus early in the history of coffee which deserves to be recorded. Sociable young Turks found by experience that the protestations of friendship made by a man to his fellow

with the coffee-cup to his lips, were more to be depended on than those which preceded the more generous flow of the wine-flagon; at least, so says the chronicle.

THE COFFEE-CUP IN PARIS

FROM the city of the Sultan the beverage passed to Western Europe. It was first heard of in Venice, and afterwards at Marseilles. Opinions concerning the new drink were at first divided; some shrugged their shoulders, and refused to spend their money for what they held to be useless; the majority found the aroma of the Mocha decoction pleasant; and soon in Turkey merchants were sending bulky consignments into France. The strange berry soon reached Paris. Soliman Aga, ambassador of the Sultan at the Court of Louis XIV., from national motives, did his best to interest the King and aristocracy in the new delicacy. He was entirely successful; Louis deigned to consider the Mohammedan beverage worthy of his royal favour, and soon became an

habitual coffee-drinker. Thevenot the traveller, and the Turkish ambassador aforesaid, with a few personages of the Court, brought into fashion, in 1627, the common custom of our own day of taking coffee after dinner.

Madame de Sévigné, who was rarely found differing from the King, in the matter of coffee-drinking was utterly against him. She declared that the King's fondness for the new beverage was only a temporary hobby; and that if all Paris followed his Majesty's example, it would be merely due to what we should call a snobbish disposition to follow the fashion of the Court. "The popularity of coffee," said she, "is destined to be as ephemeral as that of the tragedies of young Racine, who writes for the Court festivities, and not for future generations." Both predictions have been absolutely falsified, and teach that even the most gifted and sagacious are not always endowed with the spirit of prophecy. Racine's tragedies, which the incomparable Sévigné believed would be so short-lived, will always hold a place among the best examples of French literature. And as to coffee, who shall say what part it has not played in Parisian life during the genera-

tions it has been in use? No dinner in France is now-a-days complete without a little cup of black coffee; and the number of coffee-houses in Paris is more than double that of the wine and beer shops combined. From the wealthy members of the Jockey Club to the rag-pickers of the Rue Moussetard, there is hardly a man who has not daily his *demi-tasse*, whether he drank it out of Sèvres porcelain or from ware made of the commonest clay.

From the time, however, that Madame de Sévigné ventured her prediction until the opening of the first regular café in Paris, many years elapsed. The modern café is not more than a hundred years old. In the year 1785 such places must still have been somewhat of a novelty, for in Dulaure's little book on Paris, published in that year, we find the following:—

"Nothing for the stranger who visits Paris will be found more convenient than the comfortably-furnished *salon*, where he, without being under obligation to anyone, may rest after his long walks, read the latest political and literary news, take part in harmless games, warm himself gratui-

tously in winter, refresh himself for a few sous in summer, and listen to the interesting conversation of authors, artists, and journalists."

We doubt whether this latter convenience may be had in a Paris café now, except upon protest, for "authors, artists, and journalists" as little like their privacy encroached upon as other people; but the modern wayfarer may still see not a few of the celebrities of Paris life in the Paris café of to-day, provided he go to the right one.

That writer was not far from the truth who said that the history of the French cafés was the history of the French people. The oldest and, on the whole, the most noteworthy of the coffee-houses of old Paris was the Café Procope, on the left bank of the Seine, in what is, or was, the Rue de l Ancienne Comédie. It was started by a Florentine, who gained some reputation as an arbiter of taste in affairs of the table, in the latter part of the seventeenth century. It was fitted up more elegantly than any similar establishment of its day, and became the rendezvous of most of the political, literary, and art magnates of France. Actors, painters, and authors, and philosophers, here sipped

their coffee and exchanged ideas, discussed the affairs of the moment, and joked, wrangled, and sometimes quarrelled. Here would come the pale and frail Jean Jacques Rousseau, and stand by the hour behind the chair of a chess-player, watching the evolution of "knights" and the *tours de force* of "castles," while his thoughts perhaps were far away, busy with those recollections which he has immortalised in his "Confessions." At times, right and left of him, would be eager disputants: Marmontel discoursing upon questions of government, reform, and religion; Diderot, hemmed in by a group of eager listeners, airing his fiery eloquence. He respected no authority, and spared no prejudices; of independent thinkers of his day, he was the most independent. Not unfrequently, these improvised orations would be interrupted by a remark that turned the current of thought in another direction, or provoked a hearty laugh from the little circle of listeners. It came from the witty Voltaire, who usually chose this manner of making his presence known; what others could only convey in long discourses, he expressed in an epigram.

The Café Procope had its day, and then, like many a similar institution of honourable record, languished for want of patronage. Of late years it was nearly deserted by the *literati*, and received its chief support from the Radicals.

Next to the Café Procope, that of the Widow Laurent, in the quaint old Rue Dauphine, holds a distinguished place in French history. Here used to assemble a similar, if not quite so distinguished, circle as at the neighbouring coffee-house of the Florentine. Rousseau, Voltaire, Diderot, Marmontel, and others, who were the regular guests of the Procope, made occasional visits at the café of Madame Laurent. Rousseau, especially, was so frequently at the widow's that she almost looked upon him as one of her regular customers; but, much pains as the widow took to please the poet, she was not destined to secure him as an *habitué*. Rousseau was sensitive to a degree. In every little outward circumstance he was disposed to see evidences of an intrigue or conspiracy. At such times he seemed to lose all power of self-control. His "Capricieux," owing in a measure to the incapacity of the actors, was a failure. Soon after-

wards a comedy of little merit, by another author, was produced with success. That was too much for the irritable Rousseau. He told the *habitués* of the Café Laurent to their teeth that they were, individually and collectively, a set of envious fellows; that their shameless jealousy dictated a cabal which made the success of his piece impossible. Whereupon he brought his fist down on the table with such force as to make the cups clatter, swore he would have nothing more to do with such people, and left the room, never to return to it.

Quite as celebrated as the Café Procope were the coffee-houses of the Palais Royal, and especially the Café de la Régence and the Café de Foy. The former has three important epochs in its history. The first, before the great upheaval of the Revolution, if we consider the talent and literary fame of the visitors, was the most brilliant. D'Alembert (the editor in chief of the great "Dictionnaire Encyclopédique"), Diderot, Bernardin de St. Pierre (the gifted author of "Paul and Virginia"), Marmontel, and other celebrities, met here in the afternoon, when the weather made

it unpleasant to go so far as the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie. During the Revolution, Robespierre and other personages of the Directory made the Café de la Régence timid with their presence. Robespierre was in the habit of spending the time there over a game of chess, with sometimes one and sometimes another citizen, and, although (as is related) he was a miserable player, it is said that he never lost a game. No one was venturesome enough to beat him. From its infancy the Café de la Régence, it may be remarked, was much frequented by lovers of the "royal game."

The second epoch is characterised by the name of General Bonaparte, first Consul. The great strategist here routed the Louvet "knights" and "pawns," as easily as he had routed the princes and soldiery of Austria.

The third epoch will ever be memorable for the melancholy brilliancy that surrounds it. Its hero was the gifted Alfred de Musset. Many a long afternoon the poet of despair, of wretchedness, and scepticism, sat here before a chess-board, and concentrated all the force of his genius on the solution of a problem.

In place of giving voice to the sublime thoughts with which his brain teemed, as he knew so well how to do in his better hours, he would sit, hour after hour, poring over the squares of the chess-board with the earnestness of a Pythagoras, debating whether this or that move would be most likely to baffle his adversary. He would sometimes play a dozen games in the course of the day and smoke a dozen cigarettes during each game, while at his elbow, in lieu of the harmless coffee-cup, always stood the portentous absinthe-glass, which the waiter was called, from time to time, to replenish. His thin, fleshless hand trembled, we are told, as he raised the glass to his lips; around his eyes there were deep, lead-coloured circles; and his cheeks were red with a feverish flush. Poor Alfred de Musset!

The Café de Foy played an exclusively political *rôle*. The Palais Royal, at the close of the last century, was the most frequented lounging-place and thoroughfare in Paris: it was then what the Boulevards are now. Under its arcades the latest events were canvassed. The Café de Foy was, at that time, the central point of the centre

of gay Paris. The brilliant Camille Desmoulins was often seen here, seated at one of the side tables, his head resting on his hands, his eyes half closed, absorbed in thought. Suddenly he would spring to his feet, and hasten away to deliver one of those fiery speeches which were received by the excited populace as the Athenians were wont to receive the philippics of Demosthenes. It was before the Café Foy that Desmoulins in July, 1780, harangued the mob with such effect that they took up arms, laid siege to the Bastille, and inaugurated the fearful tragedy of the Revolution.

Under the Bourbons, the Café de Foy lost its original position, which it never succeeded in regaining. During the reigns of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. the most notable coffee-houses in Paris were the Café Lemblin and the Café Valois, both in the Palais Royal. They were specially noted for the bitter enmity that existed between their respective *habitués*. In the former assembled the partisans of the exile of St. Helena; in the latter, the defenders of the throne and the altar, the train-bearers of the Bourbons. In both houses little else was discussed than politics, and, if a Royalist

ventured to visit the Café Lemblin, or an Imperialist to visit the Café Valois, in the majority of instances his temerity led to an appointment at sunrise in the wooded outskirts of the city.

Under Louis Philippe the Bonapartists migrated to the old Café des Mille Colonnes, which was also in the Palais Royal.

The houses having the greatest literary reputation at this time were the Café Tabouret, Café Dagneaux, and Café Lepelletier. The two first named, situated on the left bank of the Seine, could boast of having among their regular guests a considerable number of noted authors. Here Jules Janin, the inexhaustible *feuilletoniste*, the good-natured critic, and conversationalist *par excellence*, discussed the latest dramatic events with Emile Augier and Charles Reynaud. They met twice a week at each house. The Café Lepelletier counted a still greater number of distinguished names. The unfortunate Gerard de Nerval, who died of unrequited love, as Alfred de Musset did of despair and absinthe, often spent his evenings here with his friend Théophile Gautier, then at the zenith of his popularity. Balzac, Méry, Chenavard, Laurent Jan,

Couture, Diaz, Armand Marrast, and many more distinguished poets, journalists, and artists, were among the daily guests of this house. Taxile Delord, the historian of the Second Empire, then comparatively little known, was also a frequent visitor here.

Under the Second Empire, the café of most historic importance was the Café de Madrid, which was frequented by the journalists of the Opposition, from the delicate hue of the *Débats* to the blood-red of Grousset, Flourens, and Rochefort.

There is no more characteristic feature of modern Paris than its cafés. They line all the Boulevards and abound in all the principal streets, with their rows of chairs and tables on the side-walk, and their large plate-glass windows brilliantly lighted at night, through which extends the vista of the great *salon* (or main room) with its crowd of customers, its ornamented walls, large mirrors, and general gilding and decoration in the gay, but seldom gaudy, French style. Through the maze of tables, waiters with their inevitable whiskers and long white aprons, glide about, tray in hand, attending to the groups of well-behaved *habitués;* while

the *dame de comptoir*, sitting on a raised daïs in a sort of compromise between a box and a throne, presides decorously over the scene, computes *l'addition*, gives *change*, and receives and returns the courteous salutation of all who enter or depart.

Coffee, in the vocabulary of the place, may be called for in the shape of a *demi-tasse*, a *capucin*, or a *mazagran*. The first is merely a small cup of black coffee, to which the customer occasionally adds "Cognac," "Kirsch," or some other liqueur. When the *demi-tasse* is taken with a *petit-verre* (meaning a little glass of liqueur), it is sometimes denominated a *gloria*. The *capucin*, which, however, is a term seldom used, is merely another name for *café-au-lait*, but served in a glass; while a *mazagran* is coffee taken with water instead of milk. The coffee, which is exactly the same as that of the *demi-tasse*, is served in a tall, narrow glass; and a decanter of cold water is brought along with it: the customer does the mixing himself. It is said that, after some engagement in Africa, near the city of Mazagran, neither milk nor brandy being forthcoming, the French soldiers

made a "long drink" by adding water—hence the beverage and the name. A *demi-tasse* in most Paris cafés costs 35 to 45 centimes, with a *pourboire* of 10 centimes added for the waiter.

"It is a curious and endless study for a foreigner," remarks Mr. Francis B. Thurber, in his entertaining and instructive volume on Coffee, "to observe the life at the Paris cafés, either at the Grand Café, and Café de la Paix, under the Grand Hotel on the Boulevard des Capucines, the chief rendezvous of the fashionable floating population; or at the Café de Madrid on the Boulevard Montmartre, where lawyers, journalists, and Bohemianists most do congregate; or at the Café du Helder, patronised by artists, students of the military schools, and officers; or at the cafés Riche and Grétry, where he will hear no end of talk about the Bourse, and the *cours des valeurs*; or at the Grande Café Parisian, near the Chateau d'Eau, the largest of all these establishments, though not the finest; or, indeed, at any of the thousand and one cafés scattered all over the gay metropolis, and which goes far towards giving it its peculiar physiognomy. Life without the café

would be a mockery to a Frenchman. It is there that, in the morning, he often takes his first breakfast, consisting of a large cup of *café-au-lait*, with a crisp rusk of bread and perhaps a little butter. There he may possibly return for his second breakfast, the mid-day meal. To the café he will certainly come again for an appetiser before dinner, or it may be after the repast for his *demi-tasse* of black coffee to assist his digestion, and give additional zest to the enjoyment of a cigar. And the café may see him once more after the performance is over at the theatre, if his stomach hints at a little supper. At any time during the day the slightest inducement will cause him to take a seat at one of the little tables: if he meets a friend, it is the pleasantest place to converse; if the weather is fine and people crowd the boulevards, it is the very best point of observation. If it rains, no better refuge than the cheerful hall. If he has no friend, cares not to look at the promenaders, knows not precisely what to do, whither could he go, indeed, but to the café, where he will find newspapers, life, and comfort? Perfect order, urbanity, and good manners prevail generally.

Everybody goes to these establishments: ladies will be seen there. True, they may avoid some of the cafés on the boulevard where the *demi-monde* may perhaps be too fond of airing extraordinary toilettes; but none will disdain to stop for a *tutti-frutti* at the Café Neapolitain, or at Tortoni's for one of the famous ices which that renowned café furnishes. In the interior of most of the first-class cafés, smoking is only allowed in the evening. On the whole, the café is a genial and not unhealthy factor in French life, for it has civilised drinking and relegated intemperance to the *brasseries*, the wine-shops, and the *guinguettes*, frequented by the working-men in the poorer parts of the city."

THE COFFEE-CUP IN LONDON.

THE use of coffee was brought into London some years earlier than into Paris: Anderson's "Chronological History of Commerce" says in 1652, by one Pasqua Rosée, servant to a Turkey merchant, who first opened a house for its sale, according to some authorities in George Yard, Lombard-street, according to others in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill. The drink began to be common in England towards the close of the Civil Wars; before the Stuart dynasty had ceased to reign, all the larger towns, including London, were crowded with coffee-houses.

The popularity of the London coffee-house, like that of its predecessor of Constantinople, sprang not so much from the fragrant liquor it dispensed, as from the new pleasure which men found in

their gossip over the coffee-cup. As Lord Macaulay has written: "The coffee-house was the Londoner's home, and those who wished to find a gentleman commonly asked, not whether he lived in Fleet-street or Chancery-lane, but whether he frequented the 'Grecian' or the 'Rainbow.'" The latter (a well-known and comfortable dining-room, under the same sign, now occupies the site of the older house), adjoining the Temple, was one of the better known of the seventeeth-century coffee-houses. In 1657 it had gained some notoriety for the "coffee-making nuisance." Some of the inhabitants of the Ward of St. Dunstan, in that year, "presented" (*i.e.* brought under notice of the authorities) James Ffarr, who held the joint functions of barber and proprietor of the "Rainbow," "for making and selling a drink called coffee, whereby, he annoyeth his neighbours by evil smells; and for keeping of fire, for the most part night and day, whereby his chimney and chamber hath been set on fire, to the great danger and affrightment of his neighbours." Among the complainants were three booksellers, keeping shop "at the sign of the Rainbow," and

a noted money-lender, who dwelt between the Temple gates. What was done with Master James Ffarr there is no sufficient record to tell, but probably he was "warned" and dismissed. Read's Coffee-house (No. 102, Fleet-street), was, till 1833, another celebrated establishment. Originally opened, says Mr. Hotten, in 1719, by one Lockyer, who adopted "Mount Pleasant" for his sign, it was subsequently—when coffee sold for 7s. a pound, and was a luxury—a "Saloop" house, being the only place in London where that liquor, made from Sassafras chips, could be obtained. Lockyer, who began life with the legendary half a crown, died in March, 1739, worth £1,000. Thomas Read, its tenant early this century, gained some celebrity, and attracted the notice of Charles Lamb, who specially mentions him in one of his essays. "I have seen," writes he, "palates, otherwise not uninstructed in dietetical elegancies, sup it up with avidity;" chimney-sweepers greatly admired it, and its success caused some coffee stalls to be set up in the streets, "to dispense the same savoury mess to humbler customers."

The late Dr. Doran, in his gossippy volume,

"Table Traits," has gathered many curious items and incidents connected with the old London coffee-houses which are replete with interest, and some of which may be abridged with advantage to the reader. The "Grecian," referred to by Macaulay, was perhaps the most noted of the older establishments of this kind in London; it appears, indeed, to have been the oldest of the better-known of the coffee-houses, and to have lasted the longest. It was opened by one Constantine, a Greek, living in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and its location was in the vicinity of St. Christopher's Church. Its longevity is not a little remarkable, for its career came to a close only in the year 1843, when the "Grecian Coffee-house" became transformed into "Grecian Chambers." The establishment did not exist in the same locality, however, all the time; for at the time of its transformation the "Grecian" was situated in Devereux-court, Temple. In its palmy days it was the resort of the learned and aristocratic, and its classic name seems not to have been dishonoured by its fame. Sparkling humour and genial repartee would often flash

responsive to the inspiring but non-inebriating cup, and thus qualify the gravity of those learned pundits who would gather there, not to discuss the trivialities of the day, but those weightier matters that concern the rise and fall of dynasties—such as the fate of Rome, and the events which issued from the Trojan war. Yet then, as now, satirists would seize upon the points of humour; and as there were pedants as well as philosophers who convened at the "Grecian," so lampoons and literary squibs were not wanting to enliven the scene.

It was a time when both sages and sciolists wore swords; and it is on record that two friendly scholars, sipping their coffee at the "Grecian," became enemies in argument, the subject of which was the accent of a Greek word. Whatever the accent ought to have been, the quarrel was *acute* and its conclusion *grave*. The scholars rushed out into Devereux-court, drew their swords, and as one was run through the body and killed on the spot, it is to be supposed that he was necessarily wrong. A duel, however, was certainly a strange way of settling a question in grammar. The

"coffee-houses" which were resorted to for mere conversation, as well as coffee, began with little of outward elegance on a first floor; they were the seed, as it were, whence has arisen the political, exclusive, and magnificent club-house of the present day. The advantages of association were first experienced in coffee-houses; but at the same time, it must be admitted, that there, also, was felt the annoyance caused by intrusive and unwelcome strangers.

"Wills's coffee-house," also known as the "Wits," from its company, was situated at the west corner of Bow-street and Russell-street, Covent-garden. In the last half of the seventeenth century the neighbourhood was a very fashionable one, and the popularity of the coffee-house was at its height. It was at Wills's that Dryden "pedagogued" without restraint, and accepted without a blush any amount of flattery on his literary productions. He was the great literary luminary around which lesser orbs and satellites revolved. He had the good sense, however, to retire from the house early, when the tables were full, and he knew he had made a favourable impression; but Addi-

son, more given to jolly fellowship, sat late with those who stayed to indulge "potations deep." Of the disputes that there arose, "glorious John" was arbiter: for his particular use a chair was especially reserved; therein enthroned he sat by the hearth or the balcony, according to the season, and delivered his decisions. Another of the renowned London coffee-houses was "Button's" (pulled down in 1865), also in Russell-street. This was Addison's favourite rendezvous, although the fruit of the vine was, in his case, preferred to the infusion of the berry. There, after writing during the forenoon at his house in St. James's-place—where his breakfast table was attended by such men as Steele, Davenant, Carey, Philips, Pope, and other bards and writers of note—he was to be found of an evening until supper. Pope was of the company for about a year, but left it partly because late hours injured his health, and partly also because his irritable temper had rendered him unpopular. He had so provoked Ambrose Philips, indeed, that the latter suspended a birch-stick over Pope's usual seat, in intimation of what the ordinary occupant would get if he ventured

into it. And hither lastly came Swift, "the mad doctor," as they called him. One evening, when Addison and the rest of the company were here, there also appeared a man in great boots, evidently just come in from the country. Swift looked at him long, and without further introduction inquired, "Excuse me, sir, have you ever seen such good weather in this world?" When the man addressed had wondered a little at the peculiarity of Swift's manner, and of his question, he made answer: "Yes, sir, thank God, I have seen many good days." "That is more than I can say," returned Swift, "I cannot remember any weather which was neither too hot, too cold, too wet, or too dry; but God Almighty manages to arrange it so that it all comes to the same thing at the end of the year."

Of coffee-houses that went by the name of "Tom's" there were three: at that in Birchin-lane Garrick frequently might have been seen; and poor Chatterton, before fell despair slew him. At the other coffee-house, known as "Tom's," in Devereux-court, Akenside, with many of the scholars, critics, and scientists of the day used to congregate; but *the* "Tom's" was opposite

"Button's," in Russell-street aforesaid. It was a place crowded with incident, from the time of Queen Anne to that of George III. Seven hundred of the nobility, literary notabilities, and wits of celebrity were guinea subscribers to this establishment; most of the company, however, be it said, consoled themselves with something more potent than coffee. The politicians as well as the poets had their coffee-houses; the "Cocoa-Tree" in St. James's-street was the Tory house in the reign of Queen Anne; the "St. James's" was the Whig house. Here occasionally might have been seen members of Parliament, and a galaxy of literary stars. This had a more solid reputation than any other of the coffee-houses except "White's." "Garraways," or Garway, as the original proprietor was called, was one of the earliest coffee-sellers in London, and his place was frequented by the nobility and gentry, as well as by others who wished to sip the aromatic beverage. All these houses, and many others which might be referred to, as the "British," frequented by the Scotch, the "Smyrna," "by all sorts of people," the "Young Man's," by military men, the "Old

Man's," by stock-jobbers, the "Little Man's,' by indifferent gamblers, all in the neighbourhood of Pall Mall, Whitehall, or Charing Cross; the "Chapter," in Cheapside, by curates; the "Chapter," in Paternoster-row, by booksellers; the "Old Slaughters," in St. Martin's-lane, by painters; "Lloyd's" and "Jonathan's," in the City, by merchants. All these and many more were in full activity of business or pleasure, in the reign of Queen Anne of excellent memory.

At the ordinary London coffee-houses of the period immediately preceding her reign, for a penny one could learn the news of the town, with the additional comfort of being seated in a cosy room by a good fire. Anyone of whatever position was welcome, and there was no preference of seat except by universal suffrage. No one had to stand up when a finer person came in after him; he who so far forgot himself as to curse or quarrel was mulct for a first offence twelve pence, if he persisted in offending he became liable to a fine of a cup of coffee for every guest present. One might be merry and converse, but not in too loud a tone; all talk of religion and politics was

expressly forbidden—a regulation never made, be it remarked, but to be forgotten. Cards and dice were not allowed, and betting only to the limited extent of five shillings. Finally, to these regulations, which were posted in the room, was added the common one of a modern London tavern-keeper: "Guests will pay their bills before leaving."

In Daniel Defoe's "Journey through England," 1714, invaluable as a history of the culture of his day, there is a passage in which the famous author of "Robinson Crusoe" depicts fashionable life in London at the beginning of the eighteenth century. "Our life," he writes, is thus: "We rise at 9, and those who attend levées are employed thus till 11, or go, as in Holland, to the tea-tables. At 12 the *beau monde* is assembled at various coffee or chocolate houses, of which the best are so near one another that we can see the society of all in less than half an hour. We are carried to these places in a kind of chair or litter, at the very reasonable cost of a guinea a week, or a shilling an hour."

When sedan-chairs went out of fashion, along with bloom-coloured coats, velvet and satin smalls,

silken hose, clouded canes, and curled periwigs, the London coffee-house changed its condition, and dwindled down to an eating-house of the third rank; though, till well within the present century, there was many a comfortable hostelry still called a coffee-house, a relic of the bygone days. In 1840, when the House of Commons directed a Committee to inquire into the operation of the Import Duties, it was ascertained that the number of the less pretentious modern London coffee-houses had enormously increased, and the charge for a cup of coffee had greatly decreased. In 1815, there was scarcely a house in London where the charge was less than sixpence; twenty-five years later, a cup of coffee might be had for from one penny to three pence. A Mr. Pamphilon, keeper of a well-known coffee-house bearing his name, which existed until quite recent time in a little street leading from Cranbourne-street into Golden-square, stated in his evidence before the Committee that from four to five hundred persons frequented his house daily, "mostly lawyers' clerks and commercial men, some solicitors and barristers also, who take coffee in the middle of the day in

preference to a more stimulating drink." "I have often asked myself the question," said Mr. Pamphilon, "where all that number of persons could possibly have got their refreshment prior to opening my house. There were taverns in the neighbourhood, but no coffee-house, nor anything that afforded accommodation of the nature I now give them; and I found that a place of business like mine was so largely patronised, that I was compelled to add to my premises in every way I could, and at the present time I give my customers a great number of newspapers every day, and the highest class of periodicals."

From Pamphilon's representation of the Coffee-house of the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign, it is but a step to the modern café inaugurated in London by the Messrs. Gatti. Twenty-five years ago, when the suspension bridge which now spans the Avon at Clifton, reached across the Thames from old Hungerford Fish Market to the dingy approach to Waterloo Railway Station, Gatti's was an unpretending, and, truth to say, badly ventilated establishment at the foot of the bridge. There was a little raised orchestra on one side of the

room wherein sat half a dozen gentlemen with stringed instruments, who played, with no little judgment and effect, selections from Tancredi and other of the Italian masters. A tolerable cup of chocolate or coffee was to be had for fourpence, and a game of draughts, dominoes, or chess for nothing. The Adelaide Gallery, at the north end of the Lowther Arcade—once devoted to the diffusion of knowledge, after the fashion of the Leicester-square Panopticon, ancestor of the Alhambra, and later given over to the patter of "twinkling feet," and called a casino—was another of the Messrs. Gatti's earlier establishments. From these sprang a host of other London cafés, divans, and restaurants, English, French, Italian, and Swiss, good, indifferent, and bad. The elder and more renowned of the London divans, so called, was Simpson's in the Strand, the meeting place of the learned in chess matters, and of the more studious of the foreign element of our capital. There was also Wylde's coffee-house in Leicester-square, over against Mr. Wylde's "Great Globe," a not uncomfortable smoking-room, well frequented in years gone by.

Within recent years the efforts of temperance advocates and other social reformers have resulted in a large increase in the number of London coffee-houses of a novel and superior order. These are not so much cafés in the strict sense, as places for the sale of non-intoxicating drinks, and where good and wholesome food may be also had at very reasonable rates. They may be said to have originated with the People's Café Company, launched in 1874, under the guidance of Lord Shaftesbury and a committee of gentlemen. The object of this association (which was started under the Limited Liability Act), as set forth in its prospectus, is the establishment of attractive and cheerful places of public refreshment and recreation in the more densely peopled parts of London and elsewhere, to serve as a counter attraction to the public-house and gin-palace. These establishments continue to serve a most useful purpose, and have without question exercised an important influence on the liquor traffic. In addition, we have coffee taverns, coffee public-houses, coffee-rooms, and British workmen's public-houses, in large numbers spread about London, all doing good work in the

cause of temperance. Of such institutions, one at least may be found in almost every principal thoroughfare and suburb; and, if our own experiences be of any worth, we can heartily recommend them. At the "Kiosk," in Bow-street, Covent-garden, we have had served to us as good a cup of coffee as the best London cafés will supply; and infinitely better than that washy, scalding, tasteless mixture, too often sold at railway refreshment bars at extravagant prices, and which belies the good name of coffee.

METHODS OF MAKING COFFEE.

WE have made great progress in the convenience, elegance, and architectural attractiveness of our larger coffee-houses, since that great epoch of our later social history, the Great Exhibition year; but what shall be said of our advancement in the art of coffee-making? That "simple, innocent thing" which, according to the original handbill of Pasqua Rosée, first seller and maker of coffee in London, "makes the heart lightsome, is good against sore eyes, and the better if you hold your head over it and take in the steam that way," is a most detestable compound as dispensed in nine-tenths of the hotels, restaurants, and coffee-houses of London. A distinguished German writer of the present day*

* Julius Rodenburg: "England, from a German Point of View."

has declared the coffee of England "to be the very worst a man can drink; and this," says he, "combined with other grounds of a climatic character, may well be the reason that in this country, in which it was first greeted, faith has not been kept with it, and people have generally returned to their natural beverage, tea."

Let Mr. Palgrave first tell us how they prepare and use coffee in Arabia, the country of its birth. He has thus described an Arabian dwelling, and the Arab method of making coffee:—

"The walls are coloured in a rudely decorative way, and sunk here and there into small triangular recesses, destined to the reception of books, lamps, and other such like objects. The roof of timber, and flat; the floor strewed with fine, clean sand, and garnished all around alongside of the walls with long strips of carpet, upon which cushions, covered with silk, are disposed at suitable intervals. In poorer dwellings felt rugs usually take the place of carpets.

"In one corner, that furthest removed from the door, stands a small fireplace or furnace, formed of a large square block of granite or some other hard

stone; this is hollowed inwardly into a deep funnel, open above, and communicating below with a small pipe-hole, through which the air passes, bellows-driven, to the lighted charcoal: the water in the coffee-pot placed upon the funnel's mouth is thus readily brought to boil. This system of coffee furnaces is universal, and this corner of the dwelling or *K'hawah*, as it is called, is considered the place of distinction, whence honour and coffee radiate by progressive degrees around the apartment; and hereabouts accordingly sits the master of the house himself, or the guests whom he especially delights to honour.

"On the broad edge of the furnace stands an ostentatious range of coffee-pots, varying in size and form; some are very tall and slender, with several ornamented circles and mouldings in elegant relief. The number of these utensils is sometimes extravagantly great; as many as a dozen at a time may be seen in a row by one fireside, though coffee making requires only three at most. Five or six are considered to be the thing; but when double it indicates the riches and munificence of the owner, by implying the frequency of his guests,

and the large amount of coffee that he is in consequence obliged to have made for them. Behind sits a slave, whose name is generally a diminutive, in token of affection; his occupation is to make and pour out the coffee. On entering, it is proper to say 'Bismillah,' *i.e.*, 'In the name of God;' not to do so would be looked on as a bad augury alike for him who enters and for those within.

"The guest then goes to the master of the house; each repeats once more his greetings, followed by set phrases of polite inquiry.

"Taking the honoured post by the fireplace, an apologetical salutation is given to the slave on the one side and to his nearest neighbour on the other. The best cushions and newest-looking carpets have been prepared. Shoes or sandals are slipped off on the sand just before reaching the carpet; the riding-stick or wand, the inseparable companion of every true Arab, is to be retained in the hand, and will serve for playing with during the pauses of conversation. Without delay the slave begins the preparations for coffee, placing the largest of the coffee-pots, about two-thirds full of clear water, close by the edge of the glowing coal-pit, that its

contents may become warm while other operations are in progress. Taking a dirty knotted rag out of a niche in the wall close by, and having untied it, he empties out a few handfuls of unroasted coffee, which are placed on a little trencher of platted grass, when all blackened grains or other non-homologous substances are picked out. After much cleansing and shaking, the grains are poured into a large open ladle, which is placed over the mouth of the funnel, stirring them carefully round and round till they crackle, redden, and smoke a little, but withdrawing them from the heat long before they turn black or charred ; after which they are put to cool a moment on the grass platter. Drawing between his trouserless legs a large stone mortar, with a pit large enough to admit the stone pestle, and pouring in the half-roasted berries, he proceeds to pound them with wonderful dexterity, never missing a blow till the beans are smashed, but not reduced to powder. After these operations, which are performed with much seriousness and deliberation, a smaller coffee-pot is taken in hand, which he fills more than half with hot water from the larger vessel, and, shaking the pounded coffee into it, sets

it on the fire to boil, occasionally stirring it with a small stick as the water rises, to check ebullition and prevent overflowing. Nor is the boiling stage to be long or vehement; on the contrary, it should be as light as possible. In the interim he takes out of another rag-knot a few aromatic seeds called heyl, an Indian product, or a little saffron, and, after slightly pounding these ingredients, throws them into the simmering coffee to improve its flavour, for such an additional spicing is held indispensable in Arabia. Sugar would be a totally unheard of profanation. Last of all, he strains off the liquor through some fibres of the inner palm-bark, placed for that purpose in the jug-spout, and gets ready the tray of delicate parti-coloured grass, and the small coffee-cups ready for pouring out. All the preliminaries have taken up a good half-hour. Meantime the host and his friends have become engaged in active conversation, while the silver-decorated swords proclaim the importance of the family who are assembled; presently a large wooden bowl full of dates, with a cup of melted butter in the midst of the heap, is presented; the host says, 'Semmoo,' literally, 'Pronounce the

name,' of God understood; this means, 'Set to work at it.' Every one picks out a date or two from the juicy mass, dips them into the butter, and thus goes on eating till he has had enough. The slave now begins his round, the coffee-pot in one hand, the tray and cups on the other. The first pouring out he *must* drink himself, by way of practical assurance that there is no 'death in the pot;' the guests are next served, beginning with those next the honourable fireside; the master of the house receives his cup last of all. To refuse would be a positive and unpardonable insult; but one has not much to swallow at a time, for the coffee-cups, or 'finjans,' are about the size of a large egg-shell at most, and are never more than half filled. This is considered essential to good breeding, and a brimmer would here imply exactly the reverse of what it does in Europe.

"Be this as it may, 'Fill the cup for your enemy' is an adage common to all Arabs. The beverage itself is singularly aromatic and refreshing, a real tonic. When the slave presents you with a cup, he never fails to accompany it with a 'Semm,' 'Say

the name of God,' nor must you take it without answering 'Bismillah.'

"When all have been thus served, a second round is poured out, but in inverse order, for the host this time drinks first and the guests last. On special occasions, a first reception for instance, the ruddy liquor is a third time handed round; nay, a fourth cup is sometimes added. But all these put together do not come up to one-fourth of what a European imbibes in a single draught at breakfast."

With regard to the preparation of coffee, there is no doubt that the Turkish method of pounding it in a mortar is much superior to grinding it in a mill, as is usual with us. The fondness for coffee in Turkey is shown by the constant use of the beverage on all occasions, and its exhilarating, albeit somewhat muddy, qualities are nowhere more highly appreciated.

The great luxury of the Turkish bath—now no longer an exclusively Oriental custom, since its general introduction into England—has one feature in the Orient that has not elsewhere been fully appreciated. There the bather, after the fatigues of the bath, is conducted into a luxurious apartment,

Coffee in the East.

where comfortable divans and soft pillows invite him to tarry, and enjoy the "rest after toil," the *dolce far niente*, the "sweet do nothing." Presently attendants enter bearing fragrant coffee, served in delicate little china cups, which further adds to the rest and repose from all care, and at once fills the recipient with delight. We might more largely copy this Eastern custom after bathing, if we could but procure the right thing, for coffee, as already stated, is a stimulant which, unlike wine, does not enervate or excite the system. The Turks drink their coffee hot and strong, and without sugar. They, occasionally, use spices with it, such as bruised cloves, or aniseed, or a drop of the essence of amber—a fashion of considerable antiquity. The process recommended by the late M. Soyer is as follows: "Put two ounces of ground coffee into a stew-pan, which set upon the fire, stirring the coffee round with a spoon until quite hot, then pour over a pint of boiling water; cover over closely for five minutes, pass it through a cloth, warm again, and serve." This method strikes one as being unnecessarily fanciful and unsatisfactory. The same results may be secured in an old-

fashioned coffee-pot with the muslin bag strainer. The chemist Laplace explained to Napoleon the results of various methods of manipulation. "How is it, sir," said the Emperor, "that a glass of water in which I melt a lump of sugar always appears to me to be superior in taste to one in which I put the same quantity of powdered sugar?" "Sire," said the sage, "there exist three substances whose elements are precisely the same, namely, sugar, gum, and starch. They only differ under certain conditions, the secret of which Nature has reserved to herself;" and, it is possible that, by the collision caused by the pestle, some of the portions of the sugar pass into the condition of gum or starch, and thence arises the result which has been observed.

In preparing the berry, connoisseurs in coffee will, before roasting, wash the grains and dry them on a pan, placed near the fire or in a cool oven. While roasting they will stir them constantly, that all may be equally brown. Some persons think the aroma improved when the heat is not greater than is sufficient to impart a light brown colour to the bean; others prefer the coffee roasted to a

dark brown; in adopting the latter, care should be used to avoid burning it. To produce the beverage in perfection, it is necessary to employ the best materials in its preparation—*fresh roasted* and *fresh ground*. With respect to quantity, at least one ounce of coffee should be used to make three ordinary-sized cupfuls. The coffee-pot should be heated before putting in the coffee, which heating may be done by means of a little boiling water. When so prepared, the boiling water should be poured over the ground coffee, and not, as is frequently done, put in first. When a percolator is not used, the liquor should be well stirred up several times before finally covering up to settle for use.

Liebig, after describing its properties and the various methods of preparing the beverage, recommends the following process, which seems among the best hitherto proposed; namely, that three-fourths the coffee to be used be boiled, and the other fourth infused, the results being mixed. By this means both strength and flavour are ensured. To preserve the flavour of the ground coffee he recommends that the powder should be wetted with

a syrup of sugar, and then covered with powdered sugar. The volatile parts of the coffee are thus prevented from escaping. When coffee has been roasted and is not to be immediately used, it should be placed in an air-tight canister or box, in a dry situation, and excluded from the atmosphere as soon as possible, since it absorbs moisture from the air by its hygrometric power, and loses its flavour by keeping. To clarify coffee, the French sometimes sprinkle on the surface of the coffee half a cup of cold water, which, from its greater gravity, descends and carries the sediment with it.

An American Method.

Grind moderately fine a large cup or small bowl of coffee, break into it one egg with shell, mix well, adding enough cold water to thoroughly wet the grounds; upon this pour one pint of boiling water, let it boil slowly for ten or fifteen minutes, according to the variety of coffee used, and the fineness to which it is ground. Let it stand three minutes to settle, then pour through a fine wire sieve into a warm coffee-pot; this will

make enough for four persons. At table, first put the sugar into the cup, then fill half full of boiling milk, add your coffee, and you have a delicious beverage, that will be a revelation to many poor mortals who have an indistinct remembrance of, and an intense longing for, an ideal cup of coffee. If cream can be procured, so much the better; and in that case boiling water can be added either in the pot or cup, to make up for the space occupied by the milk as above; or condensed milk will be found a good substitute for cream.

Coffee as in France.

The French, who have a reputation for their coffee-making, use various kinds in combination, such as the following: Java, Mocha, Rio, and Maracaibo. These coffees are so delicately and in such "due proportion" mixed, as to produce a bouquet of aromatic flavours. Sometimes a little liqueur is added, to flatter an epicurean palate.

Café-au-lait—literally "coffee to the milk," consists of three parts of milk to one of coffee—according to Dr. Doran, "the proper thing for breakfast;

but the addition of milk to that taken after dinner is a cruelty to the stomach." Voltaire's favourite beverage was *choca*—a mixture of coffee (with milk) and chocolate. Napoleon, it is said, was fond of this mixture.

The *café noir*, or black coffee of the French, is strong coffee, made with water only. *Café-au-lait* must not be made by boiling coffee and milk together, as milk is not proper to extract the essential properties of the coffee, and coffee must first be made as *café noir*, only stronger. As much of this coffee is poured into the cup as is required, and the cup is then filled up with boiled milk.

Café à la crême is made by adding boiling cream to strong clear coffee and heating them together.

Café glacé is made by adding one egg to every six cups of *café noir*. Sweeten, and put in cream. When thoroughly mixed, place in a proper cooler surrounded with ice. It should be frozen to the consistency of rich thick cream, and, if properly made, will be found a delicious and refreshing draught in summer.

In many French families the grounds that remain in the coffee-pot are utilised for economy's sake. Hot water is poured over them, and after passing through, is stored in a bottle and used the next time, instead of simply water. This is said to be the manner of making the best French coffee.

Some French coffee makers maintain that the roasting is best done at home. Sometimes a simple iron pan is used for the purpose, but great care must be taken to keep constantly agitating the berries with a wooden knife or patula, bringing the operation to an end as soon as the berries have assumed a slight brown colour. A single burnt berry would impair the aroma. Use no butter or lard during the process.

Before grinding, the roasted berries are put on a metallic plate, which is placed on the stove and heated until the aroma of the coffee, developed by the operation, perfumes the room. Then grind in the ordinary mill, and make according to the above recipes.

VIENNA COFFEE.

In making coffee at the large cafés and hotels in the Austrian Capital, the coffee is prepared as follows: To make six quarts, one pound six ounces of coffee are used. Within a very heavy cylinder or urn, which is securely pinned to the floor or table, there is fitted a coarse sieve, a piece of cord or yarn surrounding it, making it fit tightly. Over the sieve there is placed a piece of Canton flannel fastened down by means of an iron ring, that fits into the rim which holds the sieve. Attached to the sieve is an iron frame with a hook at the top. The sieve is pressed to the bottom of the cylinder, the coffee placed upon the flannel, and boiling hot water poured upon it. This receptacle is then closed and covered, and allowed to stand six minutes. A screw fitted into an iron frame is then hooked on to the frame holding the sieve, which is then forced towards the mouth of the urn, the pressure forcing the infusion through the Canton flannel. The coffee is then ready to be served with hot milk and whipped cream.

Coffee in Turkey.

In the numerous coffee-houses of Constantinople, when a person calls for a cup of coffee it is specially made for him. Every coffee-house has a number of long-handled little brass coffee-pots, made to boil one, two, or three cups as the case may be. They are smaller at the top than at the bottom, and are fitted with a little grooved spout, but have no cover. When a cup of coffee is wanted, the requisite amount of finely powdered coffee is measured into one of these little pots; water enough to fill it is poured in, and it is then set upon a fire till it heats up to just the boiling point. It is then, without straining or otherwise settling the grounds, poured out into a tiny cup, and this is Turkish coffee. It is thick, muddy, and half grounds; but the flavour is good and the Turks swallow the muddy residue with as much relish as the clearer half of the beverage. No milk is used. In Constantinople the berry is generally ground in a mill, but in many places it is powdered with pestle and mortar; in either case it is almost as fine as flour. The coffee used is

mostly from India and Ceylon, although a considerable quantity of Arabian is consumed. Great care is exercised in roasting the coffee, only twenty-four hours' supply being roasted at one time.

Coffee is consumed by all classes, at all hours, and on all sorts of occasions. The little berry is indeed a very important factor in Turkish society. Nothing is done without it, no business discussed, no contract made, no visits and civilities exchanged without the aromatic cup, and the accompanying chiboque or narghileh. If a purchaser enter a bazaar to purchase a shawl or a carpet, coffee is brought to him. If a person call at another house, coffee, with the inseparable tobacco, must greet the new comer. There can be no welcome without it, and none but words and forms of general etiquette take place until this article has been served all round. At parting, coffee must still be present, and speed the guest on his way.

The traveller who puts up at the large European hotels in Constantinople, Cairo, and Alexandria, is given coffee made *à la Turque*, with the grounds in the cup, but sweetened, to accommodate his here-

tical Western notions. The sugar is placed in the pot with the coffee, and they are boiled together.

Coffee in South America.

In Brazil, which is the largest coffee-producing country in the world, the coffee is roasted, more generally in open pans than in closed roasters, and browner than with us. A large quantity is used, and the beverage taken very strong. It is made by grinding the berry very fine, placing it in a woollen bag, upon which boiling water is poured, and the strength thus extracted. Epicures among the Brazilian planters sometimes keep the coffee, destined for their own tables, five or six years in the hull.

A New Orleans Recipe.

An old "auntie," or negress, of the French market in New Orleans, gave to Mr. Thurber, whose work we have before had occasion to quote, the following recipe, warranted to give the best "Creole coffee," as she termed it:—

"Roast the coffee until it assumes a uniform

brown colour. Then cover it up and allow it to cool. Then grind and cover it up again carefully, until placed in the coffee-pot (usually of the French pattern), wherein it must be pressed as compactly as possible. Pour a little boiling water over it, and let it filter into the coffee, then pour again a tablespoonful of boiling water, repeating this every five minutes."

The result, says Mr. Thurber, is a very strong extract, not more than a tablespoonful or two of water being measured in for each ordinary sized cup of *café-au-lait* desired.

The roasting of coffee in the best manner requires great nicety, since much of the quality of the beverage depends upon the operation. It is usually roasted in a hollow cylinder, made of perforated sheet iron, which is kept turning over a brisk fire, to prevent any part from being more heated than another, and when the coffee has assumed a deep cinnamon colour, and an oily appearance, and the peculiar fragrance of roasted coffee is perceived to be sufficiently strong, it should be taken from the fire, well shaken, and suffered to cool. Not more than half a pound of

coffee need be roasted at once for domestic use; for if the quantity is greater, it becomes impossible to regulate the heat in such a manner as to secure a good result. If the heat be so violent as to burn any part, the whole will be materially injured. The coffee-roaster should never be filled above one-third; for by roasting, the bulk of coffee is nearly doubled, and sufficient space ought to remain to allow of turning the coffee readily, that every part may be equally exposed to the heat.

In Italy they roast coffee in small quantities, very frequently in one of the thin flasks of glass commonly used for oil, which answers extremely well if the roasting is performed over a charcoal fire, and the coffee shaken and turned often. The non-conducting power of the glass is thought to give this material an advantage over metal, as being less liable to burn; added to which, the progress of the roasting can be better watched. One of these flasks will roast somewhat less than a quarter of a pound at a time; and it is, perhaps, worth while mentioning that this mode is often found useful to the traveller.

The grinding of coffee is performed by iron and

steeled mills. A small portable mill is commonly used, but it is insufficient for the purposes of a large household, as it holds but a comparatively small quantity. When larger quantities are required in a family, a coffee-mill of a larger kind, requiring less labour, is fixed against the wall, or on the kitchen dresser; the construction of the mill is about the same in both instances, and, being familiar to most persons, need not be described. This is, indeed, an indispensable machine in domestic economy, as the goodness of the coffee depends much upon its being fresh-ground. Coffee ought to be ground sufficiently fine, in order that the water may be enabled to penetrate to the centre of the particles, and extract those parts upon which the valuable qualities of the beverage depend. When coffee is very highly roasted, so as to develop the greatest quantity of bitter aroma without burning, it is rendered more difficult to grind, for it then acquires an oily surface, which causes the kernels to slip over each other, and hence they are not caught so readily by the teeth of the mill; but the powder, when obtained, is finer than if the coffee had

been less roasted, because it is rendered more friable.

Roasted coffee, as before stated, loses much of its flavour by exposure to the air; on the other hand, while raw it not only does not lose its flavour, but actually improves by keeping. That the fine aromatic flavour of good coffee, which is one of its chief recommendations, depends upon some principle that is extremely volatile, a little observation will render evident. If a cup of the best coffee be placed upon a table boiling hot, it will fill the room with its fragrance; but the coffee, when warmed again after being cold, will be found to have lost most of its flavour. The fragrance diffused through the air is a sure indication in what manner it was dissipated; and therefore it is evident that in preparing coffee every possible endeavour should be made to preserve this precious part of the beverage. To have coffee in perfection, it should be roasted and ground just before it is to be used, and more should not be ground at a time than is wanted for immediate use; or if it be necessary to grind more, it should be kept close from the air. The best method of

preparing a beverage from coffee, or, as it is termed, *making coffee*, is a subject that has received a good deal of attention.

To clear coffee rapidly, a variety of substances have been used; namely, white of eggs, isinglass, skins of eels or soles, hartshorn shavings, &c., for it is found that coffee not cleared has always an unpleasant bitter taste. In order that the clearing substances may produce their full effect, they should be dissolved before mixing with the coffee. In this manner, with good materials in sufficient quantity, and proper care, excellent coffee may be made, and most of the valuable properties of the coffee extracted.

The difficulty of making and clearing coffee has led to a great variety of inventions, one of the oldest being Count Rumford's percolator, in which the ground coffee is compressed between two metallic diaphragms, so that the boiling water shall percolate slowly through the mass. There is also the Fountain coffee-maker, in which a body of steam, passing upwards through the body of ground coffee, carries over the infusion, which collects in a chamber.

Another apparatus is the pneumatic filter, by which the percolation of the coffee is expedited and rendered more complete.

Having thus shown the various methods and principles by which coffee is prepared in different countries, it may not be inappropriate to add that inventors have not been idle in trying to solve the problem as to how this beverage can best be made. There have been numbers of patents granted for coffee-pots alone, embracing every possible contrivance by which the bean can be prepared as a beverage; and while so many are seeking this "arcanum," we find some of the devices both curious and ingenious. There is a patent granted for placing a furnace *in* the coffee-pot; another with curious strainers and attachments to receive the grounds; again another with arrangements to prevent lateral tipping when tilting the coffee-pot; patents for strainers connected with springs attached to the nozzle; others with hot-water jackets, and some with condensers in the lids to catch the aroma; some to hold both coffee and tea, to be made at the same time in different compartments;—and so the list could be

continued at length, showing the claims of the many inventive geniuses who have given their attention to this subject.

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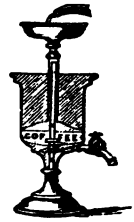

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